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CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

— Song and Waltz Refrain. —

* BY *

JAMES E. STEWART.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

Words and Music by
Moderato.

JAMES E STEWART

Oh, the birds have flown a-way, and the flow'rs have died and with-er'd, And tho' au-tumn leaves they ne'er fall - ing
Oh, 'twas when a child sat home, in my moth-er's arms I nest-led, And I lis-ten'd to the sweet songs she would.

fast..... As I sit a-lone to - night, by the dear old hearth-stone fire, Fond
sing..... As I sat up - on her knee in those hap - py days so bright, Sweet

mem' - ries 'round my heart they sweet-ly cast; 'Twas there my dear old moth - er, and my
thoughts of her to me they ev - er bring; Oh, hap - py were those days to me, so

fa - ther sat at night While on the hearth the crick-et it would sing..... It's
rall of child-ish glee, When ev' - ry mo-ment pass'd in joy - ous mirth..... They'

sad and lone-ly song, 'till the em-bers died a-way, Oh, my heart a-round those hap-py days doth
nev-er more re-turn, those bright sun-ny days to me, When the crick-et sung its songs up-on the

RIT.

REFRAIN. Tempo di Valse.

cling..... Lis-ten to the crick-et's song, Sing-ing on the

CRES.

hearth.....

CRES.

Rec-ol-lec-tion fond it brings Of days once full of mirth.....

CRES.

Lis-ten to the crick-et's song, sing-ing there to-night,.....

Could I on-ly call them back, those hap-py days so bright,

RIT.

D.C.

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VOCAL

- [illegible]